Do Your ALL!

"DOING YOUR BIT" Is Not Enough

The Fullest Measure of Service

Is the measure of our personal responsibility in this war. Homes united, families enrolled, resources conserved, waste eliminated means-AMERICA INVINCIBLE.

Every Man, Woman and Child

Should think and act and serve together. What each one of us does during the next year

Will Decide the Fate of the World

When each of us learns to sacrifice every interest in the National Service, Germany's dom will be sealed.

Live in health and efficiency, but without extravagance and without waste.

Here is an opportunity for each to share in the joy of service; as important as the service rendered by the man at the front.

Save and Lend Your Savings

You can render double service by lending your savings to Uncle Sam. He needs your savings now. You will need them after the war; if you keep them till Jannary 1, 1923, you will get your money back with 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly. They may be redeemed before maturity at any post-office with interest to about 3 per cent.

Buy War-Savings Stamps

And hold safely the results of your patri-otic thrift against a time of need. It helps to win the war. And your dollar will buy more after the war.

They Are Ballots for the Rights of Mankind

A Savings Stamp cost \$4.12 in January, and to this price one cent has been added for each month since January. This stamp will be worth \$5.00 on January 1, 1923.

BUY WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

Night's Dream

On a cool screened sleeping porch is

a joy forever. A sleeping porch is a

necessity and not a luxury. Don't

delay-insure your health and comfort by sleeping in the open air, pro-

tected from mosquitos, bugs, etc.

Lordsburg Lumber

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

This Space Contributed by

C. W. MARSALIS.

A Midsummer

OSCAR ALLEN.

Lordsburg, New Mexico.

WORK

Let me do my work from day to day, In field or forest, at the desk or loom, In roaring market-place or tranquil room; Let me but find it in my heart to say, When vagrant wishes becken me

"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom; "Of all who live all am the one by

whom "This work can best be done in the rgiht way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small, To suit my spirit and to prove my Then shall I cheerfully greet the la-

boring hours.

And cheerfully turn when the long shadows fall
At eventide to play and love and rest, necause I know for me my work is best.

-Henry Van Dyke.

PATRIOT DOLLARS

All the dollars in the world can not buy victory. Victory is not purchase-able—it is won. Dollars can work for victory only in so far as they are

for victory only in so far as they are converted into labor and materials. A dollar hoarded is a slaker; a dollar wasted is a traitor; a dollar saved is a patriot, doubly so when loaned to the government.

A hoarded dollar represents idle power; a wasted dollar represents wasted power; a dollar saved represents power saved, labor saved, materials saved. Loaned to your government, it represents power, labor, and materials in action, on the firing line, over the top. And more—it repine, over the top. And more—it rep-resents reserve power, energy stored, purchasing power conserved for its

NEW MÉXICO TO CO-OPERATE

Patriotism and the desire of the millers of the state to co-operate with the food administration and other authe food administration and other authorities in this time of our nation's crisis, were the keynote of the third meeting of the New Mexico Millers' Association, grain dealers and wheat growers, which was held in Aluquerque last week. Through the speakers at the meeting it is known that New Mexico is assured a standardization of the wheat and milling industry and a more specific understanding has been reached between the millers, growers and dealers on the one side and the food administration, as an agent of the government, on the other.

Do You Sleep Well?

To be at his best a man must have sound, refreshing aleep. When wakeful and restless at night he is in no condition for work or business during the day. Wakefulness is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and is quickly relieved by Chamberlain's Tablets. Try a dose of these tablets and see how much better you feel with a clear head and good digestion. For sale by Eagle Drug Merc. Co.

The best job printing at the

A LETTER FROM DAD

Well, son, your letter came last
might, and we sure all was glad
To hear that you was safe and well,
for all of us have had
A mighty lonesome fee.in', lad. In
act, we been plumb blue,
And meaner than Missoury mules,
awaitin' word from you.
"There ain't no sense in gettin' riled."
I told your ma one night,
"For war is war, and men are men.

"There ain't no sense in getzin' riled."

I told your ma one night.

"For war is war, and men are men, and most of us must fight."

But ma, she kind o' carried on, just sad, and mean, and sore:

"It's murder, dad," she says to me, "That's all it is, this war!"

But most the time she'd answer me by snortin' out, "My laws!"

So, son, I got plumb tuckered out explainin' our just cause.

In fact, I got real angry like about three days ago

And ripped things loose, and packed her out to see a movie show.

I figgered out that throwin' pies, and all that Chaplin stuff

Would kind o' keep her mind off you, and cuttin 'up so rough,

My land! I hadn't got your ma set down, and laughin' out a bit,

When flags is wavin' on the stage, and I was sure hard hit.

"Dad gum the luck!" I sputiers out.

"Here comes the Stars and Stripes!

And ma will get to cryin' now! I've spilled the beans, by cripes!"

And ma will get to cryin' now! I've spilled the beans, by cripes!"
Then suddenly the room was still My son, there weren't a stir. My throat was full, and as for ma-l couldn't look at her. It seems they'd went and got a cuss

who sings in city shows
To sing for us: and sing he could, the
good Lord only knows!
He sang the Battle Hymn, my bay,
and when his voice would
swell—

swell—
By gracious, I'd a gone with him a marchin' clear through hell!
"Mine eyes have seen the giory of the comin' of the Lord"
He made it plumb-dumb fearful with his "terrible swift sword,"
But when he reached those words, my son, "His Truth is marchin' on,"
I let her out "Amoun" I

I let her out—"Amen!" I shouts. I did, so-help-me-John! The way he hurled that Battle Song

The way he hurled that Battle Song across that one-horse room,
He made it sure sound thundersome—
the splittin' day o' doom!
Well, somehow when he finished it,
we drifted all outside
Without a-clappin' much, my son, a
kind o' movin' tide
A-mingled up o' tears and God. Yet,
lad, I felt right blue
About your ma—and also, son, we About your ma—and also, son, we hadn't heard from you.

I turns the old car westward then, and throws her into high

and throws her into high
And sez to ma, right softly like,
"Now, ma, I wouldn't cry!"

Vell, women sure is strange, my son,
that's all I got to say.

Her eyes like stars, she turns to me,
her old, proud, lofty way:
She seems to be a-lookin' through the
shadders dark and grim:

shadders dark and grim;
"His Truth, His Truth is marchin' on!
Oh, dad," she sez, "That's Jim." -Laurence Edward Innes.

Governor's Proclamation

To the People of the State of New Mexico:

The people of this state will have the opportunity on June 28th, 1918, of showing their loyalty and consecration to the great enterprise this nation is engaged upon by pledging themselves to save and economize and invest in war savings

The material needs necessary to successfully prosecute the war can be met only if the people of this nation deny themselves some of their customary expenditures. It is not enough to furnish thousands of young men as this state is doing. Those men must be clothed, fed and equipped. Surely when they are so willing to give their lives we should not hesitate to lend our savings.

The people of this state are expected to save and invest in War Savings Stamps to the maturity value of \$7,000,000. Similar allotments have been made to other states and the President of the United States has called on the people of the various states on June 28th to indicate their willingness to practice the patriotic self-denial required of all of us, by pledging themselves to purchase War Savings Stamps during the remainder of this year. This state has always respended fully to calls made upon it and I feel sure the present will be

In order that this state and its people may not fall behind other states in responding to this call, I hereby proclaim Friday, June 28th, as

WAR SAVINGS DAY

for the state of New Mexico, upon which day all persons shall give their pledges for War Savings Stamps at such times and places and in such manner as may be appointed by Hallet Raynolds, war savings director for this state, acting under the authority of the secretary of the treasury, and pursuant to the proclamation of the President of the United States.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the state of New Mexico to be affixed. Done at the city of Santa Fé this, the 4th day of June,

A. D. 1918. Attested: (Seal.)

W. E. LINDSEY. ANTONIO LUCERO, Secretary of State.

HIS BROTHER

One of the most pathetic instances of the war so far as America is concerned, occurred in a little cemetery to the rear of the Picardy front recently when an American soldier acting as pallbearer at the funeral of several Americans discovered his own brother, Joseph Ash, among the dead.

Treeled forward, his eyes filled with tears and exclaimed:

"My brother, oh, my brother!"

The chaplain, not understanding, stepped up and placed his arm around the young man's shoulders, saying:

"We are all brothers, my boy."

The soldier looked at the coffin and shook his head. "The Germans will pay for your blood, Joe," he said. Then it was that the chaplain and the others around him understood and brother, Joseph Ash, among the dead.
The brothers, members of different companies, had met only a few days before at the front. Joseph remained before at the front. Joseph remained before at the front.

before at the front. Joseph remained there and was mortally wounded, dying soon afterward. His brother was ordered to the rear lines with a party of wood choppers.

The wood choppers were working near the cemetery at the time of the funeral and the chaplain asked them to be pallbearers. In the midst of the service the chaplain read the name of Joseph Ash. The brother, who stood with bared head in the small group of soldler mourners, here comes along Mr. Hoover."

reeled forward, his eyes filled with



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That's just what United States Tires will do for you.

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-most mileage at lowest mileage cost.

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